£10

1505/80(2)

A FAITHFUL

NARRATIVE

Of the *wonderful and ſurpriſing* Appearance of

COUNSELLOR *MORGAN*'S

GHOST,

At the Meeting of the Independent Inhabitants of the City and Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, laſt *Friday* Night being the firſt of *Auguſt*;

Giving a full and true Account of the Behaviour of the Club upon that *fearful Occaſion*; together with a genuine Copy of the *Speech* he made to them, without his Head.

LONDON:

Printed for *JONATHAN*'s Father, againſt the *Octagon*, in the *Strand*, 1746. [Price Three-pence]

BRITISH MUSEUM
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FEB

A FAITHFUL

NARRATIVE, &c.

IN this profligate and atheiſtical Age, when a Believer is become a Scoff, and a Laughing-ſtock; few People, however good, have Courage enough, openly to own their Belief in Spirits, and Apparitions; notwithſtanding the Teſtimony of the Bible, the Atteſtation of ſeveral thouſands of pious and learned Divines; that maſterly Performance of *Glanville* of Witches, and many other unanſwerable good Books. But to ſilence all Cavils upon this Head, for the Happineſs of Mankind, for the Conviction of Infidels, and the Manifeſtation of Truth (which as a precious Jewel, is of ineſtimable Value) the following is publiſh'd, as it was taken *verbatim*, from the Relation of a Perſon, who is ready to teſtify the Truth when call'd upon.

At the monthly Meeting of the *Independent Inhabitants of Weſtminſter, to commemmorate their noble Struggle*, &c. On *Friday Auguſt* 1, 1746, between the Hours of Twelve and One at Night, the *croaking Attorney* had juſt finiſh'd, with univerſal Applauſe, his Song in Praiſe of the WHITE ROSE IN ARNO'S VALE; *Sammy* the Chairman had fill'd

fill'd up a Bruſher, and had but the Inſtant named, as his Toaſt, the *Royal Exchange*; when, on a ſudden, a ſtrange *Noiſe* was heard without, like unto a Man's pounding and knocking againſt the Door, with his Fiſts, Elbows, Shoulders, Knees, and Heels, all at once; the Candles burnt blue in their Sockets; the Chairman dropt his Glaſs, and for near half a Minute, there was a *Silence* ſo ſhocking *as cannot be related*, nothing but their ghaſtly Looks at each other could add to the Horror thereof. The Room was inſtantly fill'd with the moſt *unſavory* of all Smells. While they were in this Panic, the ſame Noiſe was again repeated, but ſomewhat louder; *Baron Bumper* drop'd his Head upon the Table, and never look'd up all the Night after. At length being Pot-valiant the *Huzza-Maſter* with a *low* and *feeble Voice* enquired who's there? No Anſwer was return'd, but the ſame Sort of Noiſe was repeated with amazing Fierceneſs. They were now a little recover'd, when *Jackey of York*, the *Attorney*, declared he heard the rattling of Staves and Lanthorns, and was ſure it was the *High Conſtable* and his Watchmen breaking in upon them. 'Tis paſt Belief! how they jump'd and flew, ſome under the Tables, ſome behind the Curtains, ſome up the Chimney; none but the *Baron* who was ſo frighten'd he could not, and *Volpone* the Bookſeller, with two or three others, who were ſo drunk they were not able to ſtir, were left behind.

In the Midſt of this Confuſion the Door flew open, with a Sound juſt as if you had burſt it open with your Breech, and in Truth, it was no other; for the Ghoſt or Apparition of Counſellor *Morgan*, who was executed the Wedneſday before on *Kennington* Common for High Treaſon, *arſy verſy* introduced himſelf into their Company.

He could not help laughing, though his Head was off, at their pitiful Behaviour; ſo with great Solemnity, though ſomewhat awkard in his Gait, (for few People walk with any Grace after they have been quarter'd) he proceeded directly up towards the Chair, and in a very pathetick Addreſs deſired them to come from their Holes, and take their Seats; but not a Man of them ſtir'd, though he call'd them all by their Names; but obſerving the State of their Table, he rung the Bell, call'd for freſh Candles, Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, then fill'd a Pint Bumper and propoſed *K—— J——'s* the 3*d*'s Health. This gave them a great Deal of Confidence and a little Courage, ſo one after another they came to the Table, and while they were pledging their old Friend the Counſellor, he with great Conſolation, by the Help of a Pipe, ſuck'd up his Wine, as an old Woman would a Glyſter.

Mr. *Morgan*

Mr. *Morgan* to the Chair was the Cry.——Accordingly he mounted the Table with his *back Parts* towards the Company, then, ſtooping forwards and putting his Hands upon the Arms of the Chair, from the Butt End of his Body, in a low, coarſe, ſnuffling, Bagpipe Voice, he thus addreſs'd them.

Friends and Countrymen,

YOU may think I ſhow my Arſe,——be it ſo.——But believe me it is not for any Want of Reſpect to this Auguſt Aſſembly.——No, far be that from me. But really 'tis the beſt Face I can put upon your Meeting, ſince my Head is not at my own Diſpoſal. But I flatter myſelf you will pardon this *private Expoſition* of mine, ſince for this great while paſt in your Reaſonings againſt *Jobb Bills*, your *Petitionings*, your Law-ſuits againſt *Veſtries*, your Motions in the *County Grand-Jury*, you have *publickly ſhewn your Arſes* to all the World.——But, no more of this; my Buſineſs is to greet you from your deceaſed Brethren of *Kennington*, and to aſſure you, they are perſuaded, you would have appear'd more openly in the Cauſe for which I had the Satisfaction to be executed, if you had not every one of you been afraid of being HANG'D. [At this Word *hang'd* Count *Kill-Calf*, the Butcher, roar'd like a Bull; the *Baron* ſtarted, and turning up one one Side of his Face, it ſeem'd as if he held his Noſe to prevent the Stench of the Chairman's Breath; at which *Morgan* wrinckled up his Sphincter with an Air of Contempt, and told him in a droling Way, that he needed not be under any Apprehenſions of that Sort, for *Jack Ketch* had taken Care there ſhould be no more Guts in his Body, than there were in the *Baron's* Brains;] but Joaking apart, continues Mr. *Morgan*, I muſt own it galls my very Ribs to ſee you ſo ſhrunk in Number, where are our Friends of the Houſe? Where are thoſe whoſe Names have graced your Feſtivals? The ſhivering Hand of Fear hath ſeized them. But far be that from you; you ſee how I have been carbonaded, you have heard how I have been broyl'd, and yet believe me; I ſhould be glad to be alive again,—only that I might once more have the Conſolation of being hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, for yours and the Cauſe's Sake.

Upon this an elderly Gentleman, who ſtammers a little, got up and ſtopp'd him ſhort, by ſaying, though I can't ſpeak plain, yet I am a plain ſpoken Man, I don't believe a Word you have ſaid; and muſt tell you, I am ſurprized that you, who have neither Head nor Heart, ſhould have the ARSEFRONTERY to dictate as if in the *Chair*, to the Independent

pendant Inhabitants of the City and Liberty of *Weſtminſter*. *Morgan* could not keep his ARSE in COUNTENANCE any longer, but grew angry, and with an Air of Authority, told them, he had a Commiſſion from the *Pretender*, the *Pope*, and the *Devil*, who had taken particular Care in HIM to ſuit them, ſince there had been neither Head nor Heart at their Meeting for a long while before the Landing in the *Highlands*; and that Inſtant demanded "that a Subſcription ſhould be begun "and carry'd on for the proſecuting the Sheriff of *Surry*, for ſuppreſſing their laſt dying Words." The Cock *crew*, he vaniſh'd; and the reſt of the Company have never been in their Senſes ſince.

Jurat coram Nobis. Saturday Aug. 2d, 1746.

1. *Jack Diſmal*, Auctioneer and Undertaker to St. *Martin's* Round-Houſe.
2. *Tom Mahogany.*
3. *Matthew Sugar-Loaf*, and Brother.
4. *Peſtle Red-Croſs.*
5. Mr. *Perſian*, the Welch Squire of *Bedford-Street*.

FINIS.